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SONGS,
DUETS, CHORUSES, &c

IN
The Speechless Wife.

A MUSICAL PIECE,

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL
COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON:

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ELITE CHRONICLE

The Spectator's Wife

A. J. T. & Co.

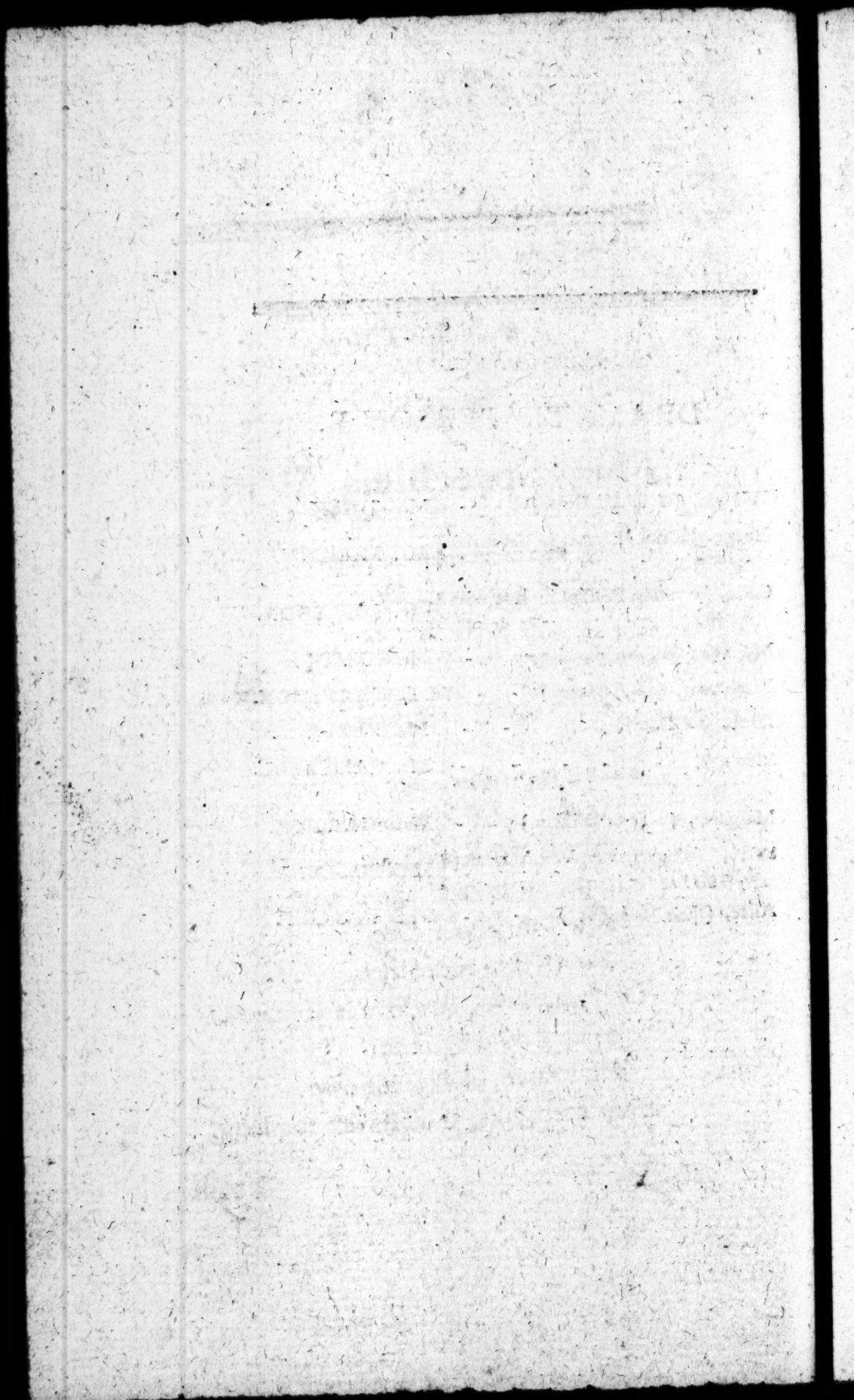
IN TWO VOLS.

THE SPECTATOR'S WIFE

BY A. J. T. & Co.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

William, (a Wood Cutter) - - Mr. QUICK.
Hodge, (a rich Farmer in love with }
Susan) - - - - - } Mr. MUNDEN.
Colin, (a young Peasant in love with }
Susan) - - - - - } Mr. INCLEDON.
Moody, (an Alehouse Keeper, - - Mr. CUBITT.
Parchment, (an Attorney) - - Mr. RICHARDSON.
Dick, (a Miller) - - - - - Mr. REES.
Mercury, - - - - - Mr. CAMPBELL.
Margaret, (wife to William) - - Mrs. MARTYR.
Susan, (daughter to William and }
Margery) - - - - - } Miss POOLE.
Alice, (their Neighbour) - - Miss STUART.



SONGS, &c.

IN

The Speechless Wife.

ACT I.

AIR.---SUSAN.

Youth is nimble, age is lame,
Youth is brisk and bold,
Age is weak and cold,
Youth is wild, and age is tame,
Age I do abhor thee,
Youth I do adore thee,
Oh! my love, my love is young—
Age, I do defy thee;
Oh! sweet Colin, hie thee—
For, methinks, thou stays't too long,

Youth

II.

Youth is pleasant, age is cross—
 Youth is full of sport;
 Age's breath is short—
 Youth is gay, and age morose,
 Age, I do abhor thee;
 Youth, I do adore thee,
 Oh! my love, my love is young—
 Age, I do defy thee
 Oh! sweet Colin, hie thee—
 For, me thinks, thou stays't too long.

AIR.

AIR. (*Rondeau*) COLIN,

Such Empire o'er my soul you hold,
 I ne'er can bid adieu ;
 As Miser's dread to lose their gold,
 I fear to part with you—
 Let death, when the dread hour arrives,
 That tears me from your arms,
 Let the disposer of all lives,
 When I must quit those charms,
 Approach, and with determined hand,
 Mark me his fated prey—
 With joy I'll wait his stern command,
 And chearfully obey,

AIR.

AIR.—WILLIAM.

Was ever man so plagu'd before,
 'Twou'd melt a heart of stone—
 One hour in all the twenty four,
 I scarce can call my own:
 When first the sun salutes the morn
 My labours are begun—
 And when his beams the west adorn,
 The task is still undone;
 But chopping,
 Hopping,
 Cleaving,
 Grieving,
 Wearing,
 Tearing,
 The task is still undone,

II.

'Tis hard that I shou'd work and slave,
 The flesh from off my bones !
 Take back ye gods, the life ye gave,
 I'm sick of sighs and groans,
 Or if it better pleases fate,
 To curse me than to kill—
 Give me at once a good estate—
 And farewell every ill.

No chopping,
 Lopping,
 Cleaving,
 Grieving,
 Wearing,
 Tearing,
 But farewell every ill.

C

AIR.

AIR.—MARGARET.

Oh ! what a change will then be seen
 For drest as gay
 In rich array
 As hands can make,
 What pains I'll take
 To be as fine as any Queen.
 I'll scorn this odious cap to wear,
 In apron checkt
 No longer deckt,
 I'll cut a dash, and make them stare,
 I'll be the gayest thing alive,
 My hair in curl,
 Each charm unfurl,
 So gay and glad,
 I'll wear a Pad,
 And every day I'll seem to thrive.
 Oh ! I shall be the thing I know—
 In silk so fine,
 You'll see me shine,
 Admir'd by all where e'er I go.

AIR.

AIR, TRIO—MARGERY, HODGE, *and*
SUSAN.

MARGARET.

Madge again ! you saucy creature !

HODGE.

Passion changes every feature.

SUSAN.

Alas ! how wretched is my fate,

HODGE.

I'd ne'er be yok'd with such a mate !

MARGARET.

And pray, who cares for what you think?

SUSAN.

With terror I shall surely sink.

HODGE.

Now who'd be plagued with such a scold?

MARGARET.

And who would marry one so old?

SUSAN.

Alas ! I'm born to be controul'd.

END OF ACT I.

A C T II.

AIR.—HODGE.

I.

'Twas always held, and ever will,
By sage mankind discreator,
T'antipate a lesser ill,
Than undergo a greater.

II.

Better than lose his whole estate,
He that but little wife is——
Full gladly pays four parts in right,
To taxes and excises.

III.

With numerous ills in single life,
The Bachelors attended---
Such to avoid, he takes a wife,
And much the matter's mended.

IV. Since

IV.

Since Susan then, I cannot wed,
Why, I'll no longer teize her;
For sure, alas, it might be said,
Old Hodge could never please her.

AIR.---COLIN.

Since doom'd for ever to deplore
The loss of all my foul loves best---
Hear me, ye powers, I ask no more,
Oh! grant me this, my last request.
Let the lov'd author of my woe,
Unconscious of the pangs I feel;
The grief which she has caused ne'er know,
Poor judge of what I still conceal,

DUET.

DUET.—COLIN, *and* SUSAN,

Our portion is not large indeed ;
 But thee, how little do we need,
 For nature's calls are few ;
 In this the art of living lies,
 To want no more than may suffice,
 And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content,
 What e'er the gods have kindly sent,
 Nor aim beyond our power ;
 For if our stock be very small,
 'Tis prudent to enjoy it all,
 Nor lose the present hour,

AIR.

AIR---CATCH.

Then push the glass around, my boy,
 And never stay to think ;
 True life must every soul enjoy,
 If every soul can drink.
 Drink ! nor further seek to know,
 Pleasure with the Ale must flow.

AIR—MARGARET.

Two devils ! I shall sure go mad
 With rage and passion, 'tis too bad,
 To be the dupe of such a fool !
 And you, what are you but their tool ?
 An idiot, blockhead, and a dunce.
 Good Gods ; to wish a bowl of punch !
 When all the world was wide before ye,
 You might have wish'd for wealth and
 glory---
 But now it makes me mad to think,
 You wish for nothing but to drink.

QUARTETTO.

QUARTETTO---WILLIAM, NEIGHBOUR,
COLLIN, SUSAN.

Will. AM I to blame ?
Neigh. Behold her pain !
Colin. She can't complain,
Susan. Oh grief ! oh shame !

Will. I'll be a King !
Neigh. No, no such thing,
Colin. Her heart you wring !
Susan. Pray make a sign,

Will. Oh, be a Queen !
Neigh. What can you mean ?]
Colin. No hope is seen,
Susan. Distressful scene !

Will.

Will. One wish remains.
Neigh. Don't rack your brains.
Colin. What cause restrains ?
Susan. Relieve her pains !
Will. I must consent.
Neigh. We're all content !
Colin. One wish is sent.
Susan. He does relent.

D

FINALE.

FINALE.

MARGARET.

LET the husband be gentle and kind,
Let him still give his wife her own way;
And 'tis odds but he'll constantly find,
That she'll chearfully love and obey.

Chorus.

Then mind this rule,
Your temper cool,
Domestic peace,
Shall never cease.

HODGE.

Set your hand to the plough or the spade,
The treasures of labour invite;
No distress shall your cottage invade,
But plenty with peace shall unite.

Chorus.

Then mind this rule, &c.

SUSAN.

When love has subdued the fond heart,
Soft wishes the bosom inspire;
What transport the flame to impart,
To him who excited the fire.

Chorus.

Then mind this rule, &c.

COLIN.

COLIN.

Can fortune a blessing bestow,
That can with the lovers compare,
When the full tides of passion o'erflow,
And his wishes are crown'd by the
fair.

Chorus---Then mind this rule, &c.

PARCHMENT.

By a quirk or a quibble the knave
Your property gets in his claw---
Their Clients from ruin who save,
Are worthy dispensers of law,

Chorus---Then mind this rule, &c.

WILLIAM.

Let avarice languish for wealth,
And ambition to grandeur aspire;
Let us find contentment and health,
And restrain the wild flights of desire,

Chorus---Then mind this rule, &c.

THE END.

Column

Can be used in the same way as the other columns. It is a very good one for the purpose of the column.

Column 1000 feet high.

1000 feet high.

1000 feet high.

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